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SHOOTING FLYING,

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P O E M:

To which are annexed,

Some Remarks on the WOODCOCK.



L O N D O N:

Printed by G. D. in the Year MDCCXXXV.

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SHOOTING FLYING

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To which are appended

Some Remarks on the Woodcock

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Printed by G. D. in the Year MDCCXXII.
E. O. W. D. O. W.



Shooting Shooting
SHOOTING FLYING

A
P O E M.



LONG was this art to BRITAIN'S sons

unknown,

And, but of late, the pleasing science

shown;

The Standing Mark was heretofore their aim,

But now on Wing they stop the mounting Game.

The poring Sportsman then peep'd ev'ry wood,
 And, when the Birds he sprung, surpriz'd he stood :
 But springing now, with greater pleasure sees,
 Than croop'd on ground, or perching on the trees.
 Endless it was to look each bush and brake,
 But now his ranging dogs that trouble take :
 That was a tedious, a laborious toil,
 But this the sporting day's fatigues beguile.
 Mean was the triumph on the ground to kill,
 But in the air to slay, shews nobler skill :
 To such perfection now that skill is brought,
 'Tis worthy of the muse's farther thought.

ON slaughter bent, the Sportsman hies away,
 Reaches the woods about the dawn of day ;



His

His piece then loaded, for destruction fit,
 Soon in the coverts boldly does he get ;
 Nor bush, nor brake can stop his eager course,
 He bounds o'er all, by expectation's force ;
 Each step led on with hope of rising game,
 In ev'ry thought with conquest of the same,
 His Span'els cast off ^{try} by the thickets round,
 Quickly by them the Pheasant's haunt is found ;
 Disturb'd, he tow'rs, then in a line he flies,
 And, seemingly, the man and dogs defies :
 But e'er his flight has reach'd twice twenty strides,
 The galling shot have pierc'd his bleeding sides ;
 Soon then he falls, and falling, shakes the ground,
 Whilst with the gun's report the woods resound ;
 The breathless victim clapt within his net,
 Afresh the Sportsman then begins to beat.

Another

Another springing, comes athwart his flight,
 As soon as seen, he checks his tow'ring flight.
 A Cock then flushing, shar'd the Pheasant's fate,
 So short their life, of such uncertain date!
 A second, third, and many more beside,
 By his unerring hand that morning dy'd.
 Laden with Game, he to his home retreats,
 And there his sport, his pleasant sport repeats ;
 And, as his friends the mighty slaughter view,
 He seems in thought to conquer all anew.
 Flush'd with success, again the Woods he tries,
 Again the rising Game as surely dies ;
 Once more triumphant with his spoils returns,
 And his warm heart for future conquests burns.
 The Cock, the Partridge, Pheasant, and the Growse,
 Adorn his pantry, and support his house :

Pleasure

Pleasure and profit all his toils attend,
Game for himself, and Presents for his friend,

BUT whilst I sing of this destructive art,
Can I to others, what I sing, impart ?
Can I direct them how to aim aright,
And stop the Game in their triumphant flight ?
Hard is the task ; howe'er, I'll do my best,
And leave to time the finishing the rest.

IF to the Woods you go in quest of Game,
Mark well the situation of the same :
If shelving, ever keep the lower side,
Where the birds skim down when the covert's try'd ;
The distant sight may well prepare your eye,
To give them the destructive blow when nigh.

But

But if a flat, the coppice walk around,
 As on the borders Game is often found:
 Yet still brush in, the middle thickets try,
 Where the most part for their protection lie;
 And if you find an op'ning fellet there,
 In that clear station plant yourself with care;
 Thither the Game disturb'd you'll flying see,
 Because the passage open is, and free.
 Such proper time and distance you may give,
 As nothing then before you well can live.
 But if the Game 'midst trees and thickets rise,
 (Which oft of course must intercept your eyes)
 At the first sight then let your trigger fall,
 Or then you shoot, or you shoot not at all;
 A chance you have, and you that chance must take,
 Perhaps a tender pinion you may break;

Yet

Yet miss you may, and probably you will,
 But if you never shoot, you never kill;
 And some of fame so sparing are, or shot,
 Oft they Game lose, because they venture not.

If from the Woods you to the Marshes move,
 Amidst the Snipes your faculty to prove,
 Let them rise easy, in a line to go,
 And then let fly, to give the fatal blow;
 The shot will in the same strait current fly,
 If well directed is your aiming eye:
 But if you take them as they wav'ring rise,
 Their flight's uncertain, and you'll miss the prize:
 The hasty Sportsman seldom gains his end,
 And he must temper learn, before he'll mend.
 The same advice may serve you in the field,
 Which oft does Quails and Partridge plent'ous yield.

But when they spring up just before your eyes,
 Don't you too flutter, like the birds that rise,
 But calm, a proper time and space allow,
 And then your hand will more destruction do.
 But the misfortune, few can judge aright,
 When for to spare, or when to check their flight :
 Time and experience that brave art must teach,
 Which by instruction none can ever reach ;
 By observation of the eye alone,
 That nicest judgment of the Sportsman's known.





THE
WOODCOCK.

Delightful Bird, scarce better fleets in air,
But whence he comes, how propagates,

and where,

This is a secret that escapes our sight,
And tho' we judge, we seldom judge aright.

Some who in summer here by chance survey
A straggling Cock, think volunt'ry his stay;

Think he on purpose chose to lag behind,
 In this fair spot to propagate his kind,
 When wounds or weakness stop his wish'd return,
 And not to breed he stays, but only mourn.
 Some who pretend to more than common light,
 Ken from the Moon the Cock's descending flight;
 But e'er that notion can our credit gain,
 Prove that the Moon does bush and brake contain,
 That springs and lakes there constantly do glide,
 And with his nat'ral food the Cock's supply'd.
 But should he from that distant region come,
 How can they think of his returning home?
 Downwards 'tis easy for to take his flight,
 But can his strength surmount so great an height?
 When for his rest no castles in the air,
 Tho' whim and fancy often build 'em there;

Strange

Strange then to think the Cock a lunar Bird!
 Ne'er entertain a notion so absurd.
 If you would trace him to his native home,
 To distant, Northern, colder Climates roam,
 Search Sweden's, Norway's, Lapland's dreary coast,
 Where, in our summer, there's continual frost,
 There you perhaps the breeding game may find,
 That hither come, convey'd by Northern Wind;
 Or they may breed in climates yet unknown,
 Where they themselves th' inhabitants alone,
 Where men, nor dogs, nor guns did e'er appear,
 And nought disturbs 'em thro' the circling year:
 In that secure, but colder region, they
 May propagate, then Southward wing their way.
 The Cocks to Cold by nature are inclin'd,
 But love not rigour that the earth does bind;

To milder climates then they take their flight,
 Where warmer springs, and op'ner soil invite ;
 Where they may suck the juices to their fill,
 And draw the worms with their long poking bill :
 To England then, where moderate the air,
 The shifting Cocks for nutriment repair ;
 Poor when they come, but soon our fertile land,
 Presents them plump and weighty to the hand ;
 Such is their state, while frost and cold remain,
 But warmth arriv'd, they lose their flesh again ;
 And as the spring begins more warm to grow,
 Then they retreat, to their own country go,
 Oblig'd to move, or lice would them destroy,
 Such are the vermin that the Cocks annoy ;
 These to avoid, they seek a colder air,
 And there to raise a future stock prepare.

Prolifick

Prolifick Birds! to send us such supply,
When ev'ry year so many thousands die!
Still the diminish'd force repair again,
And fill the vacancies of millions slain!
Go then, and breed, where-e'er your breeding place,
And o'er this land disperse your new-born race,
Their coming will renew our pleasures past,
Please, when alive, our eye, when dead, our taste.

F I N I S.



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